

*The Comical Historie of*

To kisse her buriall ; should I goe to Church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,  
Enroabe the roaring water with my filkes,  
And in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought  
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought  
That such a thing bechanc'd vvould make me sad ?  
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*  
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

*Anth.* Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,  
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate  
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare :  
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Sala.* Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

*Sal.* Not in love neither : then let us say you are sad  
Because you are not merry ; and twere as easie  
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry  
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time :  
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,  
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.  
And other of such Vineger aspect,  
That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenzo*, and *Gratiano*.

*Sala.* Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,  
*Gratiano*, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,  
We leave you now vvith better company.

*Salan.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Anth.* Your worth is very deare in my regard.  
I take it your owne businesse calls on you,  
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow my good Lords.

*Bass.*

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say, when ?  
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

*Sal.* Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt *Salarino*, and *Salanio*.

*Lor.* My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*,  
We two will leave you, but at dinner time  
I pray you have in minde vvhere vve must meete.

*Bass.* I vvill not faile you.

*Gra.* You looke not vvell signior *Antonio*,  
You have too much respect upon the vvorld :  
They loofe it that doe buy it with much care,  
Beleeve me you are mervellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the vvorld but as the vvorld, *Gratiano*,  
A stage, vvhere every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Grat.* Let me play the foole,  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckes come,  
And let my liver rather heate vvith vvine  
Then my heart coole vvith mortifying groanes.  
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,  
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster :  
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies  
By being peevish ? I tell thee vvhat *Antonio*,  
I love thee, and tis my love that speaks :  
There are a sort of men whose visages  
Doe creame and mantle like a standing Pond,  
And doe a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of vvisdome, gravitie, profound conceit,  
As who should say, I am fir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.  
O my *Antonio* I doe know of these  
That therefore onely are reputed wise  
For saying nothing ; when I am very sure  
If they should speake, would almost dant those cares,  
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,  
He tell thee more of this another time.  
But fish not with this melancholy baite

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